

for sweet *lacke Falstaffe*, kind *lacke Falstaffe*, true *lacke Falstaffe*, valiant *lacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *lacke Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harries* company, banish not him thy *Harries* company; banish plump *lacke*, and banish all the world.

*Prin.* I doe, I will.

*Enter Bardoll running.*

*Bar.* O, my Lord, my Lord, the Shrieve, with a most monstrous Watch is at the dore.

*Fal.* Out you rogue, play out the play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

*Enter the Hostesse.*

*Host.* O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh, the Diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke, what's the matter?

*Host.* The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou heare, *Hal*? neuer call a true piece of Gold, a Counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

*Prince.* And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your Major; if you will deny the Sherife, so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone bee strangled with a Halter as another.

*Prince.* Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp a-boue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide mee.

*Prin.* Call in the Sherife.

*Enter Sherife and the Carrier.*

*Prin.* Now master Sherife, what is your will with mee?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

*Prince.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is will knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

*Car.* As fat as Butter.

*Prince.* The man, I do assure you, is not heere, For I my selfe at this time haue employed him:

And

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee,

That I will by to morrow dinner time,

Send him to answer thee or any man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withall,

And so let me intreate you leaue the house.

*Sher.* I will, my Lord, there are two Gentlemen

Haue in this robbery lost 300 markes.

*Prin.* It may be so: if he haue rob'd these men,

He shall be answerable: and so fare well.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble Lord.

*Prin.* I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it is two a clocke. *Exit.*

*Prince.* This oyle rascall is knowne as well as Poules: go call him forth.

*Peto.* *Falstaffe*? fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a horse.

*Prin.* Hark how hard he fetches breath, search his pockets.

*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certaine papers.*

*Prin.* What hast thou found?

*Peto.* Nothing but papers, my Lord.

*Prin.* Let's see what be they: read them.

Item a Capon

Item sawce

Item Sacke, two gallons

Item Anchoues and Sacke after Supper

Item bread

O monstrous, but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke! What there is else, keep close, wee'll read it for more aduantage, there let him sleepe till day, Ile to the court in the morning. We must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will bee a match of twelue score; the money shall bee payed backe againe with aduantage: be with mee betimes in the morning, and so good morrow *Peto.*

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my Lord.

*Enter Hostesse, Worcester, Lord Mortimer,*

*Owen Glendower,*

*Mor.* These promises are faire, the parties sure,

And